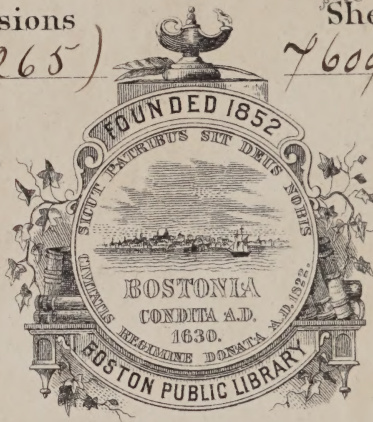
BOSTON PUBLIC LIBRARY
3 9999 08656 287 1

6577

Accessions
(37,265)
Shelf No.
7609.2.92



Received Feb. 25, 92.

NOV 15 1911
1912
AUG -6 X

THE NEW DISPENSATION.

THIRTY-SEVENTH

Anniversary * Discourse,

Delivered through the Mediumship of

MRS. E. R. DYAR,

BEFORE THE

Working Union of Progressive Spiritualists,

IN

BERKELEY HALL, BOSTON, MASS.

MARCH, 29th, 1885.

BOSTON:
C. M. A. TWITCHELL, PRINTER, 50 BROMFIELD STREET.
1885.

ZOOLOGY LIBRARY

BOSTON PUBLIC LIBRARY

INVOCATION.

THOU art the soul close beside us, O, Infinite Love. Thou art so tenderly folding us in Thy garments that we, gathered here to-day, though few in number, live again that olden lay, that sweet and tender lay of Him, who, watching beside those he loved, made them feel that they, being faithful, did more in one short day than they who watched and waited and then scattered, did in long years. We who stand beside this beautiful cradle to-day, this cradle of the new light, this beautiful watchword descended from Thee, O Infinite Love, this tender watchword which wraps us in light and tenderness, and more than all, guides us in faithfulness; this watchword of brotherly and sisterly love, delight to gather where hearts are strong and true, where principles are being faithfully trained; where the moral light shines out clear and pure, and where the sunshine itself cannot make deeper or more beautiful lighting and beautifying than that inner and more resplendent sunshine of the spirit. Tender, loving, Infinite One, Thou whose arms reach out like mother arms and fold us closely to Thyself, give

us of that sweet, deep power of Thine, which shall make our penetration keener, which shall make our wisdom take up the great light which has been shining forever, but which shall grow brighter as it shines on, which shall make us accept that great trust of Thine that we are spirits, standing between Thyself and those who wear their mortal garments, and which shall make us feel the glow of Thy light shining upon us that we may breathe out our power and our love and our perfect trust both for Thee and for ourselves. We knew, O Father, when Thy hand touched this cradle which Thou hast given into the keeping of mortals; we knew when Thy index finger touched it with a power which made known that within it lay the infant of Thy love, in whose clear shining eyes mortals, looking down upon it, should see the faces of the angels mirrored there, and in whose first cry, as it went forth into the world, men and women should recognize Thy power and might. This cradle of spiritual light, oh, Father, which Thou hast touched, this babe of infinite courage and wisdom which Thou hast created and laid there; this beautiful gift which Thou hast given into our keeping; we who stand unclothed before Thee and who stand so often invisible before men thank Thee for. We bless Thee that our hands shall touch it, and we hope with Thee and for all mankind that when the

sweeter shining comes upon the upturned face of that little babe, this beautiful new dispensation of light which it shall reveal unto men, their hearts shall catch more of the shining of those upper spheres, that their feet shall walk more pointedly in the light, and their hands shall grasp hold of the promise made so many years ago, and in that grasping, and in that holding, a strength so mighty shall be given unto them that their feet shall not falter by the way, neither shall their hearts be bowed down and heavy with any weight or care or sorrow Light us gently along the way, we who are thy builders, we who are thy workers ; light us nobly along the way, that we may be fearless in the truth, gentle in mercy, tender in love ; light us bravely along the way, that no discouragements, such as come to the heart of man, can touch our hearts, that no ceasing of others can make us cease, and that no faltering of others can make us falter along the way which Thou hast pointed out to us unto Thee. We touch Thee with our love, even as Thou has folded us in Thine infinitude ; we draw in the breath of Thy spirit, even as Thou hast called upon us to respond to it ; we feel the light of Thy kindness round about us as a garment, even as Thou dost, in its tender shining, give grace to every heart.

DISCOURSE.

TO-DAY we meet to celebrate the thirty-seventh anniversary of Modern Spiritualism, which, however, does not occur at exactly the present date, for it made its appearance in Germany a year previous to the time you commemorate, and at the same time a movement sprang up spontaneously in France and England of very much the same kind as that which presented itself to you thirty-seven years ago, but some three years earlier. In Russia, also, this same movement began, although in a manner somewhat different and distinct from that which came to you; still the same impulse, the same tidal wave of spirit force, touched Russia, Germany, France, Englang, Norway, Sweden and America. It would be idle for any one nation to boast that it held all the spiritual power that belonged to the Father when he sent forth his dispensation of love to his children. The sweetest proof of his universal love and tender care is that when he touches one nation, he touches another; that when he gives broad and spontaneous utterance to that might of his, all children belong to him irrespective of nationality, irrespective of race. Germany has

indeed, the greater right to boast in this movement, for when this power swept in among her savants, when it touched with its light and power the intelligence of her people, it smote against her materialism with a force that she herself could not withstand. It was not largely known to the world that Germany had thus been seized with a spiritual epidemic; it was not known for some time; it was kept as close as possible; those people hugged it to their bosoms because it was something so unusual among them as metaphysicians and as philosophers to be obliged to take this little babe which the Father had sent, this little infant of spiritual light and power, and hold it to their bosoms of intelligence, hold it to their metaphysical hearts, and feel it leap and throb and beat against them, until neither their philosophy nor their materialism could withstand it.

When the movement broke out upon your shores, an envoy was sent from there to investigate it and prove whether or not that which came to you was the same which came to them; for Germany, like all mataphysical nations, loves dearly to make a science of all things, and when we make a science of anything, every form and manifestation must be in equal concurrence with the others. Therefore, when this envoy returned and reported that the manifestations were very

nearly the same, that there was very little difference, perhaps greater freedom and less restraint, that the power and intelligence which exhibited itself came with greater force among the people of America than among themselves, it set them thinking, and they asked themselves why it was so. The answer came in later years to them. When they who dwelt upon its movements knew, when they proved as clearly to themselves as you have proved to yourselves, that this great and beautiful light is a fact, something that may be taken hold of, something that may be held, something that will help and protect and shield them, when they came to study its laws, and understand more fully what it meant, then they knew that the geniality of your climate, the great power that comes out from your hearts, the freedom of your country, its great national enthusiasm, its great openness of soul, its great, throbbing, beating, warm, true heart singing its songs of liberty for all, and reaping for itself the sweetest liberty of spiritual truth, made it more possible for you than for them. Germany to-day keeps not so largely as yourselves the public anniversary of this great event, but Germany to-day holds close within her heart that which she has gained, and which has proved a leaven that has run through that heavy lump of metaphysical and intellectual learning, and made their hearts lighter and their souls stronger.

When this wave struck the shores of England, it made there an entrance so deep and profound that all the ecclesiasticism of the Church was not able to withstand it. Crowned heads bowed before it; the peasant in his cottage lighted his lamp by its glow; the spirit within him shone outside because of it; and little children there to-day feel the enthusiasm of that power within their souls. If it were possible for man to see that this movement of Modern Spiritualism needed any justification for being, that the light from heaven, shining so clear with the immortal truth of immortality, should need any justification for being here upon your shores to-day, how fine a sarcasm against the intelligence of the present age we spirits might point out to you! That any, leaning out of the window of the narrow soul of their own intelligence, should need to ask of any neighbor or friend, "What of this light? How clear is the shining? What does it mean? What good has it done? What power does it hold?" is accounted for by the fact that man is not sufficiently awakened, spiritually, to acknowledge the glory of the light which streams out from this home of ours, and feel how deep and true and lasting are the rays thereof.

To-day, we as spirits gathered here, have not come merely to recognize a birthday, to note down that thirty-seven years ago this beautiful

infant stepped inside a humble door, reaching out its hands so sweetly and tenderly, its heart filled with a love that embraced all this continent, but to celebrate a double birthday. We have come with tender longing to speak our eulogies over the past, and we have also come with more light, with stronger convictions, with mightier power, to reach forward and take into our hands the new dispensatian of the now.

What have we as spirits been doing in your midst for the past thirty-seven years? What have you done with this little infant that we placed among you? What power did we give its tender voice in speaking? What did we bid it say? Why, that little infant was so small it seemed as if your hands must let it drop; you could not hold it! What did it tell the world? With a voice of thunder it hurled its bolts against the doors of superstition and skepticism; with a great power and might it tore and hurled down the pointed steeples of the past; with a great eloquence it persuaded hearts to come to itself, and when hearts came, it closed its little waxen lids, and with its softest breath, it said to fathers and mothers, to brothers and sisters, "Behold me! I am the mirror; I, this little infant that shows the faces of your loved ones." And what fell down upon it. Tears of blessing, great drops from the eyes of men whose hearts had been con-

tracted with the sorrow of the loss of their little ones, and tears of joy from the eyes of mothers. That infant face smiled, those waxen lids opened slowly, those little eyes looked into the faces of those fathers and mothers and it said, "Behold I not only *seem* to be, but I *am*." What did it do to those whose hearts were stronger than their intellectual powers, whose tender, loving emotions, as they welled up from their hearts, held in their keeping experiences so deep, so sad, so bitter, that life itself took on the hues of despair and discouragement? It caused the hearts of those who looked down into its little face to grow glad and hopeful and strong and tender, thus proving that this wave of Modern Spiritualism, touching your shores as it did, gave consolation, courage and hope to hearts grown weary, sad and fearful along the way.

When men of letters, roused by the thunder, which came pealing even from this little child, turned and gazed upon it, what did they do? Strove with all the force of opposition, with all the might within them, to slay this infant, as it lay in that cradle, and had it not been placed there by angel hands, had not that cradle been made in heaven and placed here in your midst, and protected by us, these strong assaults would have crushed it, and not a shadow would have remained of what it was. But when they attacked

it, lo! from that shining face there went out a power so strong, an eloquence so mighty, a tone so deep, that all their assaults were turned back upon themselves, and they who lingered long enough to look upon the face of that little one, turned back, thoughtful and careful, and grown wiser for the lesson they had learned. When our friend, the Church, turned her stern face toward this little one, her children, coming out with eager faces no further than the door, reached out their hands to see if aught came from that cradle that they could touch, but never in one instance, as we have looked down, have we seen a strong, earnest, true, brave man come forth from the church door to bend with love over the cradle of our little one. Fearless and dauntless it stood, with hands upraised, and when they ventured out a little further, and saw that that cradle bore the impress of an angel, and that the infant sleeping there wore the tender look of him who was sent and who was slain, they shrank back within themselves, and barred their doors against the glory and the light which streamed from the upturned face of that little sleeper, for so far this little child has been sleeping, so far it has only sent out power enough for the world to come forward and be drawn to it, some close beside it, who had hearts spiritual enough, others afar off, who had intellects quickened

enough, and others still peering back because there were not proofs enough, or because they feared to learn that that which they had beheld so long in the Church did not rest there, but rested ouside their doors. The sleeping infant in its little cradle has had only power enough to draw these people sufficiently close that they might see why it is here. It has had its eyes closed by the Father, that the light, shining from them need not paralyze the minds of those who came to gaze. Little by little it has drawn them out, and yet it sleeps ; little by little it has aroused the full intelligence of the country in many ways, and yet it sleeps ; little by little it has drawn the full battery of opposition against it, and yet it sleeps ; little by little, crowned heads and brave hearts and great lights have softly come forward to look upon it, and yet it sleeps. And it sleeps for this reason : That the world as it stood could not bear its greater waking. It sleeps, but in that trance of slumber, what power it holds within itself ! What eloquence of silence, which, without speech, has drawn the world to look upon it. And what may it not do when he who rules o'er us all gives it voice and utterance ? If, sleeping, it has awakened the thunder tones of opposition ; if, sleeping, it has roused nation after nation to look to it ; if, sleeping, it has broken the trance of that death-like

stupor of superstition, ignorance and prejudice; if, sleeping, it has called forth men and women, who, for its sake, have borne the taunts and scoffs of others, and boldly proclaimed that that little child is within their homes; that they have touched its cradle, looked into its face, and felt the power from it; if, sleeping, it has done these things, wrenched from thrones themselves, the power to not know themselves, wrenched from the Church herself, this great proof of immortality — if, sleeping, it has done these things, waking and walking in your midst, what may it not do? Under the old dispensation of Spiritualism it has caused men and women, whether they would or not, for the sake of this little child which was placed, sleeping, in your midst, and which must not be swept out of existence, to come forward and stand boldly in front of the church-door and make their presence felt, and in the most unwelcome manner have they been used as battering rams, oftentimes against their will, to sweep with iconoclastic power and fury everything before them, even assaulting the very altar itself, and, with seeming profaneness, crying out that it must be heard; and all the time these men and women have been tearing into shreds and tatters these creeds and dogmas, and hurling them, in bold defiance, in the face of the Church, the little infant lay sleeping, no quiver of its eye-

lids to prove that it ever would wake from that trance. Oh, what power is there in silence! Oh, what magic is there in a trance like this — a little form, so timid and shrinking, lying in a cradle in your midst, and from it coming forth this of which we have spoken.

Where stands the Church, to-day? While these early pioneers were thundering at her doors, and sweeping through them, throwing down her images, crying out against what she was doing, and hurling her curses back into her teeth, making them feel that the very gate of Hades was open for them; while this necessary work of the old dispensation of Spiritualism was moving on, the power sent forth from this trance gave yet another direction to its little hand, and hearts awoke spontaneously in Germany, in England, in France, in America and in Russia. They quivered and beat with a new life; they thrilled with a new power, and in the silence of their homes through the association of their souls, the light that streamed from them stole like a shadow after those who were sent to demolish and tear down and beat against; stole with wonderous power, with deep hush, with soft palpitating love, upon the spirits that were quivering in terror and indignation against what had been done. The hearts that stood up in anger and hurled their anathemas against them, who

had hurled their battering-rams against the door, felt, but did not speak, the subtle influence which the little child sent forth, sleeping. It made its way into the beautiful hearts in quiet homes, and the priest from the altar, the minister from the pulpit, entering there, soon knew that the little child's influence had preceded them. When death, so-called, smote with heavy hand the loved ones, and left the mourning hearts quaking with terror and anguish, inspired by the devastating power displayed, the Church came to console, to comfort and to cheer; but, lo! the angels of consolation and hope had superseded her. Mothers had felt the power from those little hands; fathers had felt the strength emanating from the sleeping child, and when the priest came to console, he went away earnest and thoughtful, for consolation had preceded him. And yet, the little child slept, and is sleeping.

Let us claim for Modern Spiritualism of the past its full due; let us claim for it its God-given origin; let us claim for it all it has done, and Modern Spiritualism of the old dispensation has sent to the world at large three things which we have proven unto you — Immortality; the existence, and how they exist, of spirits; the effect of spirits in another world upon life in this. If the child sleeping has had power to do this for this world of yours, the child waking will have

power, oh, what power, to do what? Wake the spirit into life and strength exultant, and, waking it, touch its intellect. So far, it has but knocked at the door; but when it wakes fully and leaps from its cradle, it will walk boldly forth among you, and if in the garb of a man, stand proudly erect, saying, "Behold me," or if in the garb of a woman, trail its beautiful garments far behind it, saying, "Feel me, acknowledge me." All these things will the new dispensation do. In the silent, solemn watches, while men and women sleep, this little infant will step forth from its cradle, and the old dispensation, waking up some beautiful morning and rushing towards the shrine from which is has gained its power, will look into the empty cradle. It will see the little garment of faith folded up and lying there as the garments were found folded up and lying in the tomb so long ago. It will mark how deep is the impress upon the pillow of trust where the little child has lain. It will longingly bend over it to catch what power and strength and life may linger there, for it will feel that all the old dispensation has done is old. It will clasp this little cradle in its arms as men and women love to clasp, for the last embrace, the forms of those they love, when life has stamped the spirit with sense and power, and death has kindly rocked the body into sleep. It will long for the voice

that spoke from within it; it will list for its welcome sound; but the babe was only sleeping; it has waked now and fled, and the lesson that empty cradle will teach the old dispensation will be this: We held so little of the full truth; we thought we held it all. Did it not have the power to do all these things for us, and did we not grow strong? The old dispensation will say, "How strong we grew while we battled and tore down! How we laughed and exulted over the ruins; how glad we were that falsehood and error had been swept away; and, oh, the exultation of having done these things ourselves! We grew upon that which we had demolished, and we grew luxuriantly. We stood beside the cradle and its sleeping babe, and grew aristocratic in a sense of spiritual power. We knew we held the little golden key of life and death for which the Church had long been searching, and in our pride we said: 'We have no fear of death; Hades has lost its terrors for us; death has lost its sting, for we know that we shall live again.'"

The infant is gone; it has awakened and stepped forth, leaving only the empty cradle; only this husk of by-gone times, for any new revelation, beating against the walls of heaven, and sending its power down to pierce through the darkness and the sorrow that surrounds mankind, gives first unto those who look at it, proof, mate-

rial proof, phenomenal proof. The sunset, the glory of the sky, its beautiful colors are but proofs themselves that the sun was there, and through the daylight while it shone so brightly, how proud and glad was the heart of man, and how firmly he trod, for he had proof, demonstrated proof, that the sun was there. So, Spiritualism, the old dispensation, came and gave to mankind proof, regular proof, phenomenal proof, physical proof—the cradle, only the cradle ; the infant lay sleeping, sleeping.

Who shall find this infant? Let all Spiritualists, let all modern thinkers, let all who are deeply intent upon reading the signs of the times, let all, who hold the welfare of mankind most at heart, let the philosopher, the scholar, the sophist, let earnest men and women everywhere awake to this ; that to-day, even to-day, and in your midst, the little child hath risen from the cradle, and that which marks the anniversary of to-day is the bending of Modern Spiritualism over the empty cradle. Every man and woman, every Spiritualist, every one, who has spiritual light, whether in the Church or out of it, must now rise, gird their loins, put on their beautiful garments and start out in search of the little child. And as you search here and there you will feel where its little garments have been ; you will know by the influence left behind that it trailed a long white

robe; you will feel, down in the very deepest chambers of your souls, that the little child is,—and that you must search for it. They who now love to hold the empty cradle to their bosoms may sit down to-day and multiply it a thousand times, they may take a spiritual photograph of it, press it to their hearts, and say to it, "Thou art phenomena, thou art physical science," still it is an empty cradle. Old dispensation, thou art like the winter or the night; thou hast by many things thou hast done, by thy ice-bound phenomena, chilled the blood of true spiritual life, thou hast taken the courage from many hearts, even while thou hast proven immortality. Oh, old dispensation, thou wilt sit and listen yet awhile longer to the echoes; thou wilt multiply to thyself the thunder of the past; thou wilt laugh again at that great, strong, powerful, devastating teacher who came into the midst of men but so little time ago, and who woke the echoes all along from every cradle which he touched, who made the Church quail, and who made Spiritualists stand still and look and see. He doeth the work of this dispensation of ours, and yet he is not among us. And with the memory of this strong presence fresh upon it, the old dispensation looks down again into that empty cradle, and feels that the little one that slept there is gone.

Let us bid farewell to the cradle now. Let us

with gladness and thanksgiving turn toward that battered door of Old Theology, and reach out our hands and our hearts to the frightened ones within; and let us step into the gloaming that rests upon them, and leave there the impress of love and mercy and tenderness. Let us with skillful hands bind up the wounds of them that bleed, and pour ointment upon the heads of them that weep. Let us first do these things, that we may fit our spirits to move on in the way the little child is leading while we search for it.

We who prepared and inaugurated this movement, that swept over all the nations, more than forty years ago; we who carried it on to greater blossoming, and to a more perfect fruitage, know that the old dispensation has done its full work. To the spirits, who yet thrill with exultant joy; who are yet eager to rush into every battle; who, like the soldiers in your late civil war, have become so imbued with the spirit of battle, that they have come to love fighting; to those who still stand as scouts and sentinels upon the verge of this beautiful new dispensation, ready to battle with the foe, we would say, "There is none there." Approach the church doors and enter. That stream of life that went forth from that sleeping infant, into the hearts of men and women, flowed also into the church, and made its power felt. Nay, nay, there is no longer anything to

tear down there, for the doors have been opened by men and women, who have made a passage for this mighty spiritual current to sweep through like a great ocean, and which, like a current that is once set running in the right direction, cannot be stopped, until it has spent its full force. All honor to these men and women for their perseverance, courage, might and strength, and if they feel this impulse, to battle yet awhile longer, why, then, they must, until the pulses are stilled within them; until the war-cry ceases to ring out for them, and until they can see with their own eyes, which are blinded by the smoke of battle that lingers about them, that life, "full immortal life," breathes as tranquilly inside the doors of the church to-day as it does outside, among Modern Spiritualists, and it breathes more tranquilly, for there are thousands of noble, warm hearts in the church to-day who are better fitted to take in the full spirit of what that little child has to give, than the phenomenal Spiritualist of the present, who cares only for the cradle in which the infant was rocked. The truth sinks with deep significance into these hearts, and they will be the ones to gird their loins, and, with faces smiling and triumphant, glide softly past the Modern Spiritualist, who sits clasping his empty cradle to his bosom, and swiftly speed after the trailing garments of the little child. The true churchman who feels the real spiritual im-

pulse of the Master Spirit, who wraps the church about him as a garment because it strengthens him materially and intellectually, and who chooses to remain with a concourse of people because he can gain greater eloquence from their presence—he who feels this to-day, and senses the spirit of the Master, through it will be the one to find this little child that has awakened from its sleep and left the cradle empty.

Let us, in a spirit of great gravity and deep earnestness, look our last upon the cradle. Let us be mourners to-day in the sense of those who believe that the spirit lives, and who, when the body is laid aside, do not see the body save to pay to it the respect due to that which bore the spirit so beautifully through those experiences which it was necessary for it to gain, but gazing upon the spirit which has left it, feel only deep thankfulness and joy within their hearts that the one who owned that beautiful tabernacle of clay no longer needs it, for it has touched the shores where its garments shall give it greater freedom, and no longer cumber its feet, and where the light of its being shall gain greater radiance and beauty. Such cheerful mourners as these, with smiling faces and happy hearts, shall watch the spirit as it walks into the light, while down into their hearts will creep this thought: We shall miss that presence in our daily life, and the empty

chair will seem empty for a long time, for we cannot see the spirit sitting there or hear its joyous voice in our homes ; still, we are cheerful mourners, and our hearts are glad. And after this, in the hush, when the cares of the day have folded themselves softly and seem not to have been, and in that half light, 'twixt that which is past and that which is to come, giving forth a tranquil rest, the spirit will sense its freedom, and as you sit in the spirit glowing of your own home there will come this thought to you : Oh, I am so glad it is all past for them — the sadness, the burden and the warfare—that it is all over. So we sit as mourners around the cradle to-day, thankful that the necessity for the warfare and the burden and the hate has passed away, and drawing ourselves a little ways apart, not because we feel ourselves better than others, but because we recognize the fact that the cradle is empty, and that we must rest awhile and put ourselves in a condition to follow after the little child, we listen to those, who, from the impulse which the battle has given them, still fight on.

Now, farewell, O little cradle! Thou didst serve us faithfully ; thou didst stand the battle and the warfare valiantly, and upon thee no one shall find the dent of a bullet, for, as they struck thee, they glanced aside and fell to the ground, just as perfect in thy outer conformity, just as

complete in thy symmetry and purity and beauty dost thou stand to-day as when we placed thee here. Even the bullets of immorality and of sharp, rasping discords from Spiritualists themselves aimed against thee have left no dent or mark, but fell where they should fall, at the feet of him or her who sent them. And when the church comes forward, as it will, the beautiful, grand old spirit that believed all the prejudice and superstition represented all the original truth, the blessed old spirit that has been lying beneath that old train of dogma and creed since time began, we will say to it: We love thee, we cherish thee, we welcome thee. There are spirits like ourselves, who, while proclaiming the truth of immortality, have claimed certain things that are false and erroneous, but these were those nearest the earth, who, feeling the pulsation of this light which touched all that was human on this planet, waking into deeper power and intelligence all who were prepared for it, spoke with impulsive power this great, rushing tide of truth. When the waters flood the fields, what is first scattered over the land? Debris, ruin. But what follows after that? The clearing air, the sunshine, the beauty of budding flowers, the sweet warbling of birds, the mingling of all nature in a glad, glorious song. And so man, looking over the battle-field of life, glancing at the ruin and the debris,

feels his soul lifted above all these things, and he exclaims! "It was but the empty cradle; I must up and away after the little child."

Good-bye, old cradle; we throw over thee no pall, we leave with thee no regret. We are glad from our hearts to separate thee from ourselves. Good-bye, old phenomena, which, in order to waken the world to a knowledge of immortality, failed to waken the spirit to the demands of that inner life. Good-bye, old physical manifestation, which, when you proved to the world the might and power of spirit life, failed to waken within the heart any echo of what was most earnestly demanded by the human heart itself. Good-bye, little cradle, incomplete as you seem to us now, you served the one mighty and grand purpose of waking a world to life and truth and grand beauty and power.

We must go after the little child. We spirits, and you mortals with your shining faces, looking through your masks, are just prepared to note that the cradle is empty. Withdraw yourselves from the din and turmoil of the old dispensation and place upon the altar of your being two lamps, faith and trust, and keep the oil within them pure and clear. In the lamp of trust keep the oil of beautiful liberty, honor, justice and mercy, that the light may shine so clear that the breath of your being, as you look upon it, the breath of your utter love,

may not make it flicker or cause it to grow unsteady in its shining. Place it once upon the altar of your being, and we know God will keep it there. Keep yourselves within yourselves; look at the cradle of phenomena no longer, for you have proved it is a cradle; but, sitting down with the little lamp of faith, hold yourselves quiet with only God's triumphant smile to mark the progress of the life within; let the dark world for one brief space glide away; let the calm and peace of our life steal in upon you, and with it will come the power to find the little child.

Lest you grow weary along the way, from too much searching; lest your hearts faint because there is so much to discourage in that which is about you; lest you sink, weary and sad, by the way, let us raise for you the curtain; let us show you that little child as we behold it; let us prove to you how glad you will be that you have searched for it: let us make your hearts feel how sweet a thing it is to have heard the rustling of its garments and seen it even from afar off, enthroned in shining light, clear and beautiful, with its little feet resting in the palm of the Father's outstretched hand, that palm lowered enough for every steadfast soul, faithful to duty, faithful to that which life called upon it to do; faithful in little things, to see its face, and even to see the hand of the Father that holds it. Standing there,

and looking toward you with a love ineffable, it will reach forth its little hand and drop into the hearts of those who behold it, pearls, one by one, as fast as those hearts are ready to receive them : First, that pearl which means rest ; rest from the outer while the inner waits ; second, that beautiful pearl of trust, which makes all those around rise glorified because of that which is above it ; third, that little pearl of harmony, linking the life physical to the life spiritual, and which makes of the body a glorious medium between the neighbor here and the love of God there.

They who cling to the empty cradle, and fold it to their bosoms will miss the risen child, whose second coming is now. The spirit of the new dispensation is upon you ; the glory of its pathway is revealed to you ; the beauty of its presence shines down in your hearts now ; but you must wake to receive it, and you must turn your back upon the past and rise and gaze upon this sun which hath already risen. Every prophet of this new time tells you that there comes ringing forth from our home of spirit the cry of a new Saviour, a new Master, a new Christ, a new what you will ; and spirits, gazing down upon you, hear whispers from above, and they ponder and wonder, even as do yourselves, when they tell you of what they hear rising higher, still above themselves. There comes down through that stratum

of life the same beautiful cry we heard, "We know it is so; it is here; it is coming into our midst; it exists; it is born." But that new dispensation is not the old cradle of phenomenal Spiritualism; oh, no; not at all; oh, no! It is not for one voice alone to speak of it; it is not for any one man or woman to proclaim it. The ambitious dreams of mediums and of spirits will never be realized for them, for no one Christ, man or woman, no one medium, man or woman, will be the first to step forward into your midst as the great, echoing mouth-piece of this new dispensation. God, in sending his grandest and best gift for the evolution of the spirit within you is not poverty-stricken in his resources; not at all.

This new dispensation and Christ power is to seize every heart, in the church or out of it, that is ready for it, or that is even clear enough to note that the little child has risen, and that the anniversary we celebrate to-day is two-fold in its nature, one filled with glad song and with glad good-bye to the old cradle which has rocked the little one and kept it in a trance-like slumber in order to give it strength; the other, more glorious, filled with hosannas, glad songs, great restfulness and holy rapture that the little child has risen.

Be ready to take this new dispensation by the hand, and remember what we have so often told

you; that it holds in its hands millions of pearls, and that into the heart of every man and woman to-day who is prepared for it, into every heart that is strong and powerful and beautiful in its moral nature and that has awakened to a sense of that which is truest and deepest in life, having done its duty nobly, even though it be sitting by the way-side clad in rags and tatters — into such souls as these, who are oftentimes better prepared than any other, the little child will drop the gift of this new power of showing itself unto mortals. Through those men and women who are first to hail the light, then the presence of beauty, then the sweet shadow of the sun, and then the golden mist so clear and beautiful that the heart of him who sits in rags and tatters feels its beauty and dreams heaven is on earth, those who gaze shall know that the new dispensation hath come.

The old cradle has lost its occupant, and the old Spiritualist may sit still and wait until the angels shall call him to clearer vision, or he may drop the empty cradle and follow the little child. It makes no difference to us who are working, which he may choose to do, only in this: That he misses so much himself. I cannot give you sweeter revealing of the new birth from the old than this: As soon as hearts and souls are ready to gaze into its face and meet the shining of its eyes, tremulous with the new glory of its baptism

when they stand unfolded so much from themselves that they do not feel themselves (and it is a task more easily accomplished than you think), the little child, uplifted now where every one must stand and look upward, and not bend over, since it has awakened from its slumber, will drop down into those hearts the pearl which will shine on and on and on, even here upon your earth, and wake to newer and grander shining there. It will supercede the necessity for us as spirits so long gone from you to return to enforce upon you the full meaning of what moral life and noble courage and great strength of spirit can attain.

The little child, the new dispensation, the risen power from that cradle which was placed here, is in your midst. It will wait for you, it will remain clear and shining until all are ready to receive it. It will grow in greater and newer beauty for every heart that is drawn to it. Yes, it can wait; it loses nothing; it gains everything; for, by its silent waiting it will gain every heart on the face of this beautiful planet of yours, every soul which the Father has created. But can *you* afford to wait? Can you afford to sit, holding the empty cradle to your bosom when so much is to be done? Sing a new song, for the glory is here; weep a glad tear o'er the cradle, bend over it without a shadow of fear, for that which he hath promised he is able to do and will do. Wait not,

tarry not, linger not, but with hearts brave, earnest, true, faithful, loyal, glad, cheerful, come with us and touch the garments of the little child that trail down over the hand that is holding it within the reach of all. But if you touch that garment with unsteady or unfruitful hand a shadow will be where the shining was, yet you will have forged a link so strong in your chain that it can never be broken, and when you come again with steadier hand, stronger purpose, clearer and better endeavor, forgetful of yourself, and lay your hand upon the shadow where you touched before, the light will return, while a ray of the glory that surrounds that little child will enter your own soul.

Boston Public Library
Central Library, Copley Square

Division of
Reference and Research Services

The Date Due Card in the pocket indicates the date on or before which this book should be returned to the Library.

Please do not remove cards from this pocket.

(Nov., 1891, 20,000)

BOSTON PUBLIC LIBRARY.

One volume allowed at a time, and obtained only by card; to be kept 14 days (or seven days in the case of fiction and juvenile books published within one year) without fine; not to be renewed; to be reclaimed by messenger after 21 days, who will collect 25 cents besides fine of 2 cents a day, including Sundays and holidays; not to be lent out of the borrower's household, and not to be transferred; to be returned at this Hall.

Borrowers finding this book mutilated or unwarrantably defaced, are expected to report it; and also any undue delay in the delivery of books.

***No claim can be established because of the failure of any notice, to or from the Library, through the mail.

The record below must not be made or altered by borrower.